Ped. Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport away. *Exit.*

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Looke you, what I haue from the Louing King.

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name.

Rosa. That was the way to make his God-head wax:
For he hath beene fiue thousand yeeres a Boy.

Kath. I, and a shrewd vnhappie gallowes too.

Ros. You'll neere be friends with him, a kild your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heauy, and so she died: had she beene Light like you, of such a merrie nimble stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere she died. And so may you: For a light heart liues long.

Ros. What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light word?

Kat. A light condition in a beautie darke.

Rose. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.

Ros. Look what you doe, you doe it still i'th darke.

Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Ros. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.

Ka. You waigh me not, O that's, you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.

Qu. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.
But *Rosaline*, you haue a fauour too.
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witnesse this.
Nay, I haue verses too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the fairest Goddesse on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousan
O he hath drawne my picture in hi

Qu. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothi

Qu. Beauteous, as Incke: a go

Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Copp

Ros. Ware pensils. How? Let m
My red Dominicall, my golden Le
O that your face were full of Oes.

Qu. A Pox of that iest, and I b
But *Katherine*, what was sent to y
From faire *Dumaine*?

Kat. Madame, this Gloue.

Qu. Did he not send you twain

Kat. Yes Madame and moreou
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull
A huge translation of Hypocrisie,
Vildly compiled, profound simpli

Mar. This, and these Pearls, to
The Letter is too long by halfe a m

Qu. I thinke no lesse: dost thou
The Chaine were Longer, and the

Mar. I, or I would these hands

Quee. We are wise girles to mo

Ros. They are worse fooles to p
That same *Berowne* ile torture ere
O that I knew he were but in by th
How I would make him fawne, an
And waite the season, and obserue
And spend his prodigall wits in bo
And shape his seruice wholly to my
And make him proud, to make m
So pertaunt like would I o'reswey h
That he should be my foole, and I

Qu. None are so surely caught
As wit turn'd foole, follie in Wisd
Hath wisdomes warrant, and the h
And Wits one grace to grace a lear

Ros. The bloud of youth burns

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3